DOTHAN COTTON MARKET.
Good Middling 7½c.

THE DOTHAN EAGLE

WEATHER
Fair tonight and

DOTHAN'S POPULATION: 1890, 247. 1900, 3,275 1910, 7,016: 1920, 20,000. "FOR I HEARD THEM SAY, LET US GO TO DOTHAN."

VOLUME 8 | DOTHAN, ALABAMA, SATURDAY AFTERNOON, SEPTEMBER 26, 1914 | NUMBER 4

London Fears Bombs From German Airships

London Sept 26 London is now preparing for the next [illegible] vous over the possibility of a raid [illegible] by German Zeppelins [illegible] plots of Germans [illegible]

FIGHTING BETWEEN CARRANZA AND VILLA FORCES RESUMED

El Paso Tex Sept 26 Fighting between Carranza and Villa forces has resumed in the vicinity of Torreon Reinforcements arrived on Santa Cruz Island on both sides yesterday but Carranzaists were the heaviest hit

An unconfirmed report says that Villa has already begun march on Mexico City and opposing forces met in battle south of Torreon

San Antonio Tex Sept 26 A Carranza representative here declares a commission to mediate the trouble with Villa is being [illegible] and will meet at Torreon within 10 days

Washington Sept 26 Administration officials today expressed hope that Villa and Carranza would be able to mediate their differences In the meantime the belief is growing that American troops will remain at Vera Cruz until the situation is settled

GERMANS FORCE ALLIES BACK

Paris Sept 26 An official statement on the German attack in Alsace says the allies have been driven back several miles in Upper Alsace The Germans were advancing rapidly

RUSSIANS CONTROL EASTERN AND CENTRAL GALICIA

Petrograd Sept 26 [illegible] the Austrians from occupied territory in Galicia Lemberg was also taken and the Russians under stood to control Eastern and Central Galicia Lemberg was also taken and bombardment of Przemysl continued

A section of Russian troops moving on Tomaszow Russian advance was repulsed in an attempt to cross the Wisloka river near Rzeszow

"That Million Dollar Look"
Will Be Repeated
Saturday Night
At The
Palace Theatre
BY
R. F. VALENTINE
Only 100 Free Tickets so call and get yours.
"Let Valentine Clothe You,,

JAPANESE SEIZE CHINESE TOWN

[illegible] Japanese troops [illegible] Chinese town of Wei Hien [illegible] Kao Chia Chuang [illegible] the Japanese government [illegible] troops at Wei Hien did not [illegible] the Chinese

A Japanese airplane [illegible] Tsingtau last night was [illegible] shelled by two German aircraft

FREIGHT WRECK ON CENTRAL

Four box cars on Northbound freight train operated by the Central of Georgia Railway left the track yesterday morning about four miles east of town but no one was injured About 1 o'clock that morning the track was torn up

Work is progressing slowly and it will be noon tomorrow at earliest before any the track can be repaired

HARNESS THIEF CAUGHT BY THE POLICE

[illegible] the conviction of Paul Wal[illegible] colored in Mayor's court [illegible] morning on charge of petty larceny the police have the [illegible] of many sets of stolen harness from the wagon yards have been cleared

The Police Department has [illegible] four sets of harness which the negro is charged with stealing and disposing of or selling to other parties The negro was arrested yesterday by Officers Spivey and Dough[illegible] and was fined $20 and costs and to six months hard labor in one [illegible] Saturday

PRESIDENT WILSON SIGNS TRADE COMMISSION BILL

Washington Sept 26 — The President today signed the Trade Commission bill It would have automatically become a law at midnight without his signature The President had hoped to sign the Trade Commission bill and the anti trust bill at the same time

MAY SHIFT POSITION.

Maestricht Holland Sept 26 — Military trains loaded with troops are passing between Aix La-Chapelle and the French border This indicates they determine shifting position

This is the Type of Men Defending England's Honor

The above photograph is a frame of the marines of royal [illegible] Major Seton Griffin above the splendid type [illegible]

SERVE PAPERS ON COUNCIL

Temporary Restraining Injunction Granted to Prevent Removal or Destruction of Railroad Property in Dixie for Street Crossings

A temporary restraining injunction was issued by Circuit Court Judge Thomas Wade Leigh [illegible] the Dixie Land Company against the City Council of Dothan [illegible] removal or destruction of the railroad property in Dixie Land and [illegible] street crossings

[illegible] to the effect [illegible] Hix Saturday [illegible] Mayor Mayer for Dixie and [illegible] of the City Council

[illegible] temporary injunction [illegible] with the City Council [illegible] to hold the City Council [illegible] the City of Dothan in Dixie [illegible]

[illegible] the City Council [illegible] the City Council [illegible] the City of Dothan [illegible] the City Council [illegible] the City of Dothan [illegible] the City Council [illegible] the City of Dothan

THE DOTHAN EAGLE
(Every afternoon except Sunday)

W. T. Hall, Editor and Proprietor.

W. G. Batchelor, Business Manager.

INTERNATIONAL NEWS SERVICE

Entered at the Dothan, Ala., postoffice as second-class mail matter.

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DOTHAN WEEKLY EAGLE
(Published every Friday)

One year ————————————$1.00

Office: Eagle Building, East Troy St. Telephone No. 110.

Saturday, Sept. 26, 1914.

DON'T SELL COTTON SEED.

The oil mills have so conducted themselves as to make the farmer a p.sm fool about 'em. They daily along in the price of seed, right around $13 a ton and get as much for the meal as they did last year, and oil is higher, and hulls, too The mills are trying to make a killing at the farmers' expense. And it isn't the men who are in charge of the mills. They are put there to run the mills, on a salary, and work under orders. The blame lies with the big men higher up, and who have conspired to hair-lip the farmer out of his seed at half price. And many are selling the seed, for the mills are running night and day.

Along next spring, when the meal must be bought back for fertilizer the farmer will want to know why he was so foolish as to sell what he had.

BUT WHERE DOES DR. OATES COME IN?

According to the Birmingham Ledger, Dr. Oates proposes to save $150,000 a year for Alabama by abolishing the fee system in the prisons and paying only for what the prisoners actually get. This sounds like good, old-time horse sense. Certainly the tax payers should welcome the change. It would mean a reduction of the burdens on them.

What we wish to know is, how can Dr. Oates bring about this change? Is he going to just order that it be done, as he orders that a new jail be built, or a steam heating system be installed, or the closets disinfected?

Did the law creating this job, carry with it the power attributed to Dr. Oates.

Everybody knows that the fee system should be done away with, and will shout anthems of great joy when it is accomplished, but they didn't know that it was only necessary to take the matter up with Dr. Oates.

People in the Dedsole community over in Henry county, where three men were killed a week ago, would be glad if Henry county's sheriff would appoint a corps of deputies next time he is so unfortunate as to take sick.

Yes, Old Doc Cook deserves a medal. If he didn't find the north pole, he "hot it so hot," till Peary found it, and you all know that you have been reading about Peary's trips shunting the north pole since you could remember.

During the next month or so, the people will be asked to visit fairs all over Alabama, and most of them will descend, because they should.

PARABLE ON BOYS.

Verily in this day and generation the father raiseth up his son on the streets and sidewalks. He layeth around the soda fountain and imbibeth slop and hookworms He groweth in knowledge of nothing except cigarettes and cuss words

When he attains the age of sixteen he acquires a suit of clothes turned up at the bottom two furlongs above his feet. He displays a pair of noisy rocks with purple background and violets in the front He weareth low cut shoes, also a green tie He looketh like a banana merchant on the streets of Cairo.

The inside of his head resembles the inside of a pumpkin He falleth in love with a spindle shanked girl, with pink ribbons in her hair, and craveth for an automobile to ride her forth in the spring time. He scattereth his pin money like a cyclone scattereth a rail fence He sitteth up at night to write poetry and giveth no thought of the multiplication table. His mind turneth to the varieties of life, and not the highest cost of cornbread

Verily he needeth a board applied vigorously to the southwest corner of his anatomy .

He thinketh his father a plodder and his mother a back number. He pictureth to himself great riches suddenly acquired He dreameth of steam yachts and private cars.

Yes, he thinks himself the real stuff. He butteth in where he is not wanted He criticizeth his elders He purchaseth cheap perfume and smelleth louder than a billy goat — Shelbyville, (Tenn.) Gazette

SOMEBODY ROBBING.

With his cotton doomed, the farmer in desperate straits for bread and meat turns to his cotton seed, that he may lean on that until the market adjusts itself. But alas, one year ago now, compound lard made from cotton seed, was selling at 10 cents. Today it commands 13½c Cotton seed meal one years ago was $22.50 per ton. Today it is $28. One year ago hulls were bought in Camp Hill for $8 and $9 per ton, as at present. Yet the farmer, by the decree of trust-controlled oil mills, is told that he can have only $13 per ton for his seed, while last year at this time he received $25 to $30. Every product of seed now in the hands of the plundering pirate has advanced, and yet they tell the farmer he must submit to their plundering and take less than half price for his seed.

The farmer is being pilfered and robbed today as never before in the history of our country. If a man must sell his seed, then there is no remedy but for him to be the victim, but unless he is forced to sell, patriotism should impel him to carry his seed home and let them rot on his farm rather than donate half of them to the oil mills that have deliberately held him up.

Every farmer and every good citizen should exert every possible effort to see if this is not a combine, and there seems to be no other explanation, and if such combine to rob and plunder the people of this country does exist, no man should have a dollar too good to lay down in an effort to prosecute and imprison the guilty parties. The local dealers are of course, not to blame. They would prefer to pay the farmer even more than he got last year for his seed, but they can pay no more than the price fixed by the oil mills that combine to keep the price down. But somebody is guilty of robbing the farmer. That much is plain. Since all seed products have advanced while the price of seed has been cut just 100 per cent. The guilty parties should be punished.—Tallapoosa News.

THE LOYAL BOERS.

Atchison Globe

Premier Botha, of South Africa, rises to the occasion and offers the service of Boer warriors, whom Britain has ample reason to respect, to aid the British empire at this trying time So secretly are the allied forces moved up by land and sea that it would not be strange if Boer soldiers are already on the firing line, along with Canadians, Australians, Indians, Irish Scotch, New Zealanders and English, who serve to swell the British expeditionary forces And there are other evidences of the loyalty of the Transvaal

All of which, no doubt, seems strange to those who recall that few years have passed since Boer and Britain were bitter enemies It seems they couldn't forget so soon, and might seize upon this opportunity to soak the British and again assert their independence But far from that, they are British now, ready to bleed and die for the empire For which there must be a tangible reason, and there is It is found in the liberal treatment accorded the Boers when they were a conquered people Full autonomy and self-government were granted, and the Transvaal is more flourishing than it could have become as an isolated republic This same Botha, who is premier now, was the most notable general

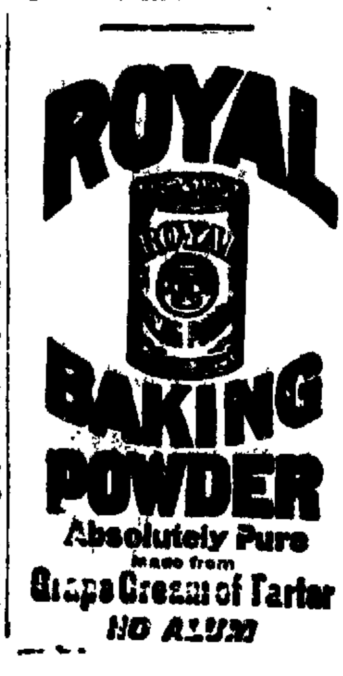
But it is possible that fighting the Boers helped the British more than any aid they may render now Those African riflemen did much to revolutionize British tactics, by showing their faults It was in South Africa, also, that Generals French and Smith-Dorrien received their most important schooling, which must have stood them in good stead in the recent crisis Not to mention thousands of others of veterans of that war who now profit by its training, war being the greatest school of the soldier

A DISGRACE.

The public road between Headland and Dothan is a disgrace to a civilized country. The fact of the business is that unless some plan is inaugurated to work the public road it would be far better to go back to the old road laws in vogue years ago. The roads now leading into headland are almost impassable from every direction and unless something is done soon this country will have to dispense with them and adopt the aeroplane.—Headland Standard.

The express company was robbed at Headland the other day, but nothing was taken but a few bottles of booze Ten miles south, and one wouldn't have to run that risk for it.

A great news item happens every day in some part of the country, and it often happens that the news is right at our door.



WAKE UP THE LIVER

Liv-Ver-Lax puts the liver in tone to perform its proper functions, giving new life, new vigor and strength to the entire system Read what a prominent Texas farmer writes of Liv-Ver-Lax

April 7, 1914

I take pleasure in saying for publication that by the use of Liv-Ver-Lax I have been cured of a disease which is correctly described by the recognized symptoms of Biliousness, Stomach and Liver trouble, Constipation and resulting complications and commend its use to all like sufferers. J H Brewer" A H. Cain, Witness.

A harmless vegetable compound, guaranteed to relieve all liver troubles; wonderful, quick and happy in results, having no nauseating, weakening effects like calomel. Sold in 50c and $1 bottles. Buy from druggists or from Lebanon Co Operative Medicine Company, Lebanon, Tenn. adv

Eagle Want Ads. "Ring the Bell."

Eagle Want Ads. "Ring the Bell."

T. W. BUTLER
Justice of the Peace,
Beat 8.
Office at the Court House.
Court held every Monday.
Phone 449.

We give away Aluminum Ware. Culver-Harris Furniture Co. tf

30 DAYS

For the next 30 days we are making the following cut prices:

BLANKETS
All kinds, Single, each 20c; Double each, 35c.

QUILTS
Machine and hand quilted, all kinds, each, 20c. (No liability where colors run or fade.)

COMFORTS
Special prices on request. This offer expires October 12th, 1914.

Dothan Steam Laundry
Launders Dyers Odories Cleaners
"Dixie Cleaned"

Free. Aluminum Ware guaranteed for 20 years, ask about it Culver-Harris Furniture Co. tf

Ball-bearing —Skates—
$1.75 A Pair
E. C. Cumbie,
The Bicycle Man

Special Excursion
Dothan to Panama City, Fla.
$1.00 Round Trip $1.00
Sunday
September : 27th.
Sunday
October : : : 4th
Sunday
October : : 11th
Atlanta & St. A. B. Railway Company
L. J. Rowell,
General Passenger Agent.

Buy At
Cox's Department Store
The Store That Sells Goods For All The Family
Prices Are Not Higher Here On Account of The War.
Cox's Department Store
Phone 188 Headland Ave. 125-127.

We are handling this month, field-fed beef, tender and fine.
Fresh fish Fridays and Saturdays.
CITY MARKET.
Phone 120.

TO THE INTEREST OF DOTHAN AND HOUSTON COUNTY

I have recently secured the services of Harry E. Livingston, a scientific horse shoer, shoeing under a diploma granted by the Veterinary Science Association of Ontario, Canada. Special attention will be given to horse shoeing. Lame shoeing a specialty.

Let us have your horse shoeing at the regular price. Four shoes for $1.00; we are also prepared to do wagon and carriage work, rubber tiring, painting, etc.

Yours for horse shoeing, blacksmithing and general repair work,
T. J. ENNIS & CO.
t08p Near Alliance Warehouse

CLEANING AND PRESSING PROMPTLY DONE.
Phone 357 103 S. Foster
C. W. McLEROY
Successor to Simmons & Co.

Notice

PORK WANTED.
We want 600 pounds of pork a week DOTHAN MARKET. Phone 484. tf

For Rent

FOR RENT—3 nice rooms in a six room flat with bath, toilet and all other modern conveniences, close in. W. C. Pilcher. tf

STORE FOR RENT.
Store house now occupied by Sels Royal Blue Shoe Store. Possession September 1st. Apply to Sol Lurie. 127tf

For Sale

FOR SALE—Everything I have, from my farm to furniture. Must go at some price. O. E. Williams. tf

FOR SALE OR RENT—My seven room house on lot 212 by 253 feet. Also will sell part of my household furniture Mrs S F. Florence, 400 South St Andrews street. Phone 265. tf

SEED OATS FOR SALE.
Appler seed oats 75 cents bushel; Fulghum early oats, $1 25 bushel, f o b. Ft. Gaines Ga.
McRAE BROS.
d wkto15 Ft. Gaines, Ga

FOR SALE—Scholarship in local business college Apply this office. tf

FOR SALE—My 12 room residence on North Foster street, 21 other houses and lots, well located, 2 small farms close in. Will sell for cash or easy terms. J. R. Keyton. to10

FORD CAR FOR HIRE.
All calls answered day or night. Always ride with careful drivers. Country trips a specialty.
Also baggage transferred.
J. A. COBB Phone 437-481

Fresh snappers just in. They come twice a week. Try them. Enterprise Market. tf

WANTED—Fat cattle, will pay the highest cash price. Dixie Market. phones 373 and 645. In Dixie. tf

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Patients ... in 24 hour... treated will... es when pe... Correspon... t16p A.

We will gi... of Aluminum... you one cent ... ture Co.

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F. J... Justic... Court day... Doth...

DR. J... DENT... Farm... Tel...

You can g... Aluminum W... Harris Furnit...

We have a ... we can take ... and make ... you came to ... tf

FALL...
Pearl Onion ... Rutabagas ... Lettuce, ... Collards ... Radish, ... All seeds f... have flowering...

N. H. ... Prescrip... 121

Money...
I negotiate ... farm lands, ... Dale and Ge... rate of intere... ment to suit ... years to 10 y...
R. P... Dothan, Ala.

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CREAM BREAD
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TIP TOP CREAM
We know that you
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or breakfast. We
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portable sky light that
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loans on improved
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andle Only
ve Meats
or 605 for the choice
meats and fresh fish.
orders to all parts of

e Market

DOTHAN'S LARGEST AND LEADING

Dry Goods Establishment

Our Recently Enlarged Store is in a Better Position to Serve You Efficiently

The recent enlargement of our store has added approximately 100 per cent to our floor acres. While the extention was in progress, we embraced the occasion to remodel the whole interior and it is now the largest and best appointed store in Dothan. Everywhere there is New Fall Merchandise.

The stocks in each department are complete. If you have not visited us in our enlarged quarters, this is a good time to do so, as the exhibition and new styles will enterest you, no less than the beautiful new appointments.

Long coats are a feature of the new Suits —

NEW SHOES.

Did you ever stop to consider the wearing qualities of the real high class shoes that you find at our store? If there is any one thing that it pays to put quality in, it is a shoe, and no one has everdoubted that Wichert & Gardiners' and Fox shoes are made up of the highest class leathers and workmanship.

ROYAL SOCIETY

Complete stock of these wonderful Package Outfits, such as center pieces, table covers, and runners, bags, sofa pillows, dresser scarfs, cover tie racks, boudoir caps, gowns brassiere combination suits, aprons waist, and many other beautiful garments, and each package contains directions for making, with floss to work them. Many other pretty stamped pieces, that are not in packages. See the finished models.

MONDAY SPECIALS.

That these Monday Bargains appeal to the shopping public of Dothan is demonstrated by the way they are readily taken up each Monday. Do you get your share of them?

34 and 36 inch Madras in stripes and solid white —beautiful cloth same numbers we have sold regular at 19c—a dandy cloth for men's shirts, boys' waists and blouses and house dreses—
Monday, very special . . . 10c
36 inch Brown Linen, nice quality, Monday 14c
25c quality Curtain Scrims, in beautiful pattterns, Monday, ... 19c
15c White Linen Finished Suitings, Monday 11c

READY TO WEAR

Superb autumn suits, Exclusive Modes. All the new styles in the long coats. Many of them have been made of imported material, such as Broadcloth, Gabardines, serges and wool poplins. Various trimmings are used, such as Broadtail cloths, velvet, braids and fur.

Neve have the suits been as pretty, and as this season we have had many tell us that they are "the greatest values they ever saw for the price." Indeed they are wonderful values. It took real merchandising to get these models to sell at the prices you want to pay.

Here fashion and style meet in these new suits at $15, $17.50 and $25.

Everthing that is new in suits are found in these.

MERODE UNDERWEAR

We have received our fall and winter stock of Merode Underwear. You know the popularity of this brand of underwear. The wearing qualities are unsurpassed; the softness and flat seams cannot be equalled by any other garments.

All sizes in every kind of garment you can wish for.

Ladies' and children's undersuits at 25c to $3 each.

Vests and separate pants at 25c to $2 each.

The very best, newest and choicest merchandise shown in the eastern markets always found here.

Better values and greater assortments than elsewhere.

SCHOOL DRESSES.

Why do mothers "wear themselves out,, making up their daughter's school dresses when they can come here and buy them already made up with wearing qualities and with a "fit and hang" that they cannot get in a dres they make themselves. Ask about them.

Special good theings in children's under bodice at 25 and 20c.

Best quality Cambric Drawers at 10 and 15c.

STREET and afternoon Dresses.

In no previous season has ther been such a diversity of choice.

The Basque of 1880; the Oriental Sashes; the Russian Teunics; the smart lines of the Directoire—all these features and others are found in these, the most modern and charming dresses of years.

Many beautiful costumes in Silk and lovely combinations of serge and satins, Gabardines and Satins and wool poplins and satins.

LAVIDA

The Fashion authorities of Paris London, Vienna, and all the world style centers, adopt LaVida Corset as the one perfect corset necessary for a perfect fitting frock.
New Fall styles at $3 to $7

W. B. NUFORM

Corsets are pronounced by dressmakers to be "perfectly ideal" as foundations. When you buy a W. B. Nuform Mode you are assured it as authoritative in style and fit. New Fall styles at $1 to $3

If it comes from the store, it is correct.

New Wool Dress Goods

In all the years we have specialized in the sale of high-grade dress goods, we cannot recall the season when the assortment and styles approached this one in completeness

If you have the slightest wish to chose your new dress from an assortment of unmatchable styles, this is the logical place to do so.

The qualities are superb—the styles cannot be surpassed, the range of colors are rich and beautiful—yet, in every instance, the prices are lower than the most experienced dress goods shopper would expect them to be, quality considered. We will be glad to have you look.

OUR HATS

are truly wonderful this season. All the skill, deftnes and finishing genius known to the milliner's art is embodied in the designing of Our Millinery.

To contribute to the charm of one's toilet, the captivating smartness and beauty of our Millinery is unequalled.

You have the pride and pleasure of knowing that you are wearing the smartest mode in corect millinery—that your hat has an air of individuality about it—that gets away from the "samenes" that most milliners have a habit of making.

WHITE GOODS.

This week we received some tempting things in White Goods.

Beautiful soft Nainsooks at 10c up to 25c

Longcloth that is an unusual value at 98c to $3 for piece of 12 yards.

36 inch Pajama Checks, very fine numbers at 10c.

Very sheer and beautiful quality of Persian Lawns that we bought at a bargain —these are specially special at 15c, 19c and 25c.

Old time Rep that will not turn yellow when laundered, that is an unusual value at 25c

Ask for your Fair ticket with each $5 or over cash purchase.

Saxon-Heard Dry Goods Company

Ask for your Fair tickets with each $5 or over cash purchase.

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®
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The Million Dollar Mystery

By HAROLD MAC GRATH

Illustrated from Scenes in the Photo Drama of the Same Name by the Thanhouser Film Company

(Copyright, 1914, by Harold MacGrath)

CHAPTER VI.

"Did you get the range?" asked the countess, when late that night Braine recounted his adventure.

"Range!" he snarled. "My girl, haven't I just told you that I had to fight for my life? My boat was in flames. We had to swim for it till we were picked up by a Long Island barge tug. I don't know what became of the motorman. He must have headed straight for shore. And I'm glad he did. Otherwise he'd be howling for the price of another boat. Olga, for the first time I've had to let one of the boys have a look at my face. Doesn't know the name; but one of these days he'll stumble across it, and the result will be blackmail, unless I push him off into the dark. It was accidental."

The countess leaned forward, her hands tightly clinched.

"But the box!"

Braine made a gesture of despair.

"Leo, are you using any drug these days?"

"Don't make fun of me, Olga," impatiently. "Did you ever see me drink more than a pint of wine or smoke more than two cigars in an evening? Poor fools! What! let my brain go into the wastebasket for the sake of an hour or so of exhilaration? No, and never will I! I'm keen about the gray matter I've got, and by the Lord Harry, I'm going to keep it. There's only one dope fiend in the Hundred, and he's one of the best decoys we have; so we let him have his coke whenever he really needs it. But this man Felton has seen my face. Some day he'll see it again, ask questions, and then . . ."

"Then what?"

"A burial at sea," he laughed. The laughter died swiftly as it came. "Threw it into eight hundred feet of water, on a bar where the sands are always shifting. He'll never find it, even if he took the range. He could not have got a decent one. The sun was dropping and the shadows were long. He threw the chest into the water and then began pegging away at us, cool as you please, and fired our tank."

"It looks to me as if he had wasted his time."

"That depends. Between you and me and the gate-post, I've a sneaking idea that this man Jones, whom nobody has given any particular attention, is a deep, clever man. He may have been honestly attempting to find a new hiding place; the advertisement in the newspaper may have drawn him. He may have thrown the box over in pure rage at seeing himself checkmated. Again, the whole thing may have been worked up for our benefit, a blind. But if that's the case, Jones has us on the hip, for we can't tell. But we can do what in all probability he expects we'll cease to do—watch him just as shrewdly as before."

Olga caught his hand and drew him down beside her. "I wasn't going to bother you tonight, but it may mean something vital."

"What?" alertly.

For reply she rose and walked over to the light button. She pressed it and the apartment became dark.

"Come over to the window, quick!" She dragged him across the room. "Over the way, the house with the marble frontage."

A man emerged, lit a cigarette, and walked leisurely down the street.

"No!" she cried, as Blaine turned to make for the door, doubtless with the intention of finding out who this man was. "Every night after you leave he appears."

"Does he follow me?"

"No. And that's what bothered me at first. I believed he was watching some apartment above. But regularly when I turn out the lights he comes forth. So there's no doubt that he watches you enter and takes note of your departure."

"But doesn't follow me. That's odd. What the devil is his idea?"

"I'd give a good deal to learn."

The shadow and the glowing cigarette disappeared around the corner, and the lights in the apartment were turned on again.

"He's gone. You really think he's watching me?"

"He is watching this apartment, I know that much."

And even at that moment the watcher was watching from his vantage behind the corner.

"Suspicious!" he murmured, tossing the cigarette into the gutter. "They're watching me for a change. I'll drop out. I know what I know. It's a great world. It's fine to be alive and kicking on top of it." He went on without haste and took the subway train for downtown.

"Is there any way I could get near him?" asked Braine.

"Tomorrow night you might leave by the janitor's entrance. I'll keep the lights on till you're outside. Then I'll turn them off and you can follow and learn who he is."

"It's mighty important."

"Don't scowl. At your age a wrinkle is apt to remain if you once get it started."

He laughed. "Wrinkles!" She could talk of wrinkles!

"They are more important than you think. Every morning I rub out the wrinkle I go to bed with."

"I wish you could rub out the general stupidity which is wrinkling my brain. I've made three moves and failed in each. What's come over me?"

"Perhaps you've had too many successes. The wheel of chance is always turning around."

"May I smoke?"

"Thanks. At least it proves you still have some consideration for me. You would smoke whether it was agreeable or not. But I like the odor of a good cigar. And it always helps you to think."

Braine lit the cigar and began his customary pacing. At length he paused.

"Suppose we have a real old-fashioned coaching party out to the old mansion we know about?"

"And what shall we do there?"

"Make the mansion an enchanted castle where sometimes people who enter can't get out. Do you think you could get her to go?"

"I can try."

"Olga, I must have that girl; and I must have her soon. Sometimes I find myself mightily puzzled over the whole thing. If Hargreave is alive, why doesn't he turn up now that it's practically known that his daughter presides over his household? I might understand it if I didn't know that Hargreave is really afraid of nothing. Where is the man with the five thousand, picked up at sea? What was the reason for Jones carrying that box out in broad daylight? Who is the chap watching across the street? Sometimes I believe in my soul—if I have one!—that Hargreave is playing with us, playing! Well," flinging the half consumed cigar into the grate, "the Black Hundred always goes forward, win or lose, and never forgets."

"We are a fine pair!" said the woman bitterly.

"We are exactly what fate intended us to be. They wrote you down in the book as a beautiful body with a crooked mind. They wrote me down as the devil, doomed to roam earth's top till I'm killed."

"Killed?"

"Why, yes. I'm not the kind of chap who dies in bed, surrounded by the weeping members of the family, doctor, nurse, and priest. I'm a scoundrel; but it has this saving grace, I enjoy being a scoundrel. Now, I'm going up to the club. There's nothing like a game of billiards or chess to smooth that wrinkle which seems to worry you."

In the great newspaper office there was a mighty racket. Midnight always means pandemonium in the city room of a metropolitan daily. Copy boys were rushing to and fro, messengers and printers with sticky galleys in their hands; reporters were banging away at their typewriters, and intermingling you could hear the ceaseless clickety-click from the telegraph room.

The managing editor came out of his office and approached the desk of the night city editor.

"Editorial page gone down?"

"Twenty minutes ago," said the night city editor.

"I wanted a stick on that Panama rumpus."

"Too late."

"Where's Jim Norton?"

"At the chamber of commerce banquet. The major is going to throw a bomb into the enemy's camp."

"Nothing on the Hargreave stuff?"

"No. Guess I'd better put that in the cubbyhole. He's dead."

"No will found yet?"

"Not a piece as big as a postage stamp."

"That will leave the girl in a tough place. No will, no birth certificate; and, worst of all, no photograph of the old man himself. I don't see why Jim sidestepped this affair. He the only man in town who knew anything about Hargreave."

"He hasn't given it up; but he wants to cover it on his own, turn the yarn over when he's got it, no false alarms."

"Ah! So that's the game?"

"Yes; and Jim is the sort every paper needs. When the time comes the story turns up, if there is one. Here he is now. Looks like an actor in the fourth act of a drama. Good-looking chap, though."

Norton came in through the outer gates. He was in evening clothes, top hat. A dead cigarette dangled between his lips.

"How much do you want?" asked the night city editor.

"Column and a half."

"Off with your glad rags!"

"Anything good?" asked the managing editor.

"The lid has been jammed on tight. No wine in any restaurant after one o'clock. There'll be a roundup of every gunman in town."

"Good work! Go to it."

It was one o'clock when Norton turned in his last sheet of copy and started for home. Just outside the entrance to the building a man with a slouch hat drawn down over his eyes stepped forward.

"Mr. Norton?"

"Yes." Norton stepped back suspiciously.

The other chuckled, raised and lowered his hat swiftly.

"Good Lord!" murmured the reporter.

"Will you take a ride with me in a taxi?"

"All the way to Syracuse, if you say so. Well, I'll be tinker d—d!"

"No names, please!"

What took place in that taxicab was never generally known. But at ten o'clock the next morning Norton surprised the elevator boy by going out. Norton proceeded downtown to the national bank, where he deposited $5,000 in bills of large denominations. The teller had some difficulty in counting them. They stuck together and retained the sodden appearance of money recently submerged in water.

* * * * * * *

Florence was delighted at the idea of a coaching party. Often during her schoolgirl days she had seen the fashionable coaches go careening along the road, with the sharp, clear note of the bugle rising about the thunder of hoofs and rattling of wheels. Jones was not enthusiastic; neither was he a killjoy.

"But you are to go along, too," said Florence.

"I, Miss Florence?"

"The countess invited you especially. You will go with a hamper."

"Ah, in my capacity as butler; very good, Miss Florence." To her he gave no sign of his secret satisfaction.

The hour arrived, and the gay party bowled away. They wound in and out of the streets toward the country to the crack of the whip and the blare of the horn. Florence's enjoyment would

Florence Was Chatting With the Count.

have been perfect had it not been for the absence of Norton. Why hadn't he been invited? She did not ask because she did not care to disclose to the countess her interest in the reporter. They were nearing the limits of the city, when the coach was forced to take a sharp turn to avoid an automobile in trouble. The man puttering at the engine raised his head. It was Norton, and Florence waved her hand vigorously.

"A coaching party," he murmured; "and your Uncle James was not invited! Oh, very well!" He laughed, and suddenly grew serious. It would not hurt to find out where that coach was going.

He set to work savagely, located the trouble, righted it, and set off for the Hargreave home. He found Susan and bombarded her with questions which to Susan came with the rapidity of rain upon the roof.

"So Jones went along?"

"In his capacity of butler only."

Norton smiled. "Well, I'll take a jaunt out there myself. You are sure of the location?"

"Yes."

"Well, good-by. I'll go as a waiter, since they wouldn't invite me. I'm one of the best little waiters you ever heard of; and all things come to him who waits."

What a pleasant, affable young man he was! thought Susan as she watched him jump into the car and go flying up the street.

Jones was a good deal surprised when Norton turned up at the old Chilton manor.

"What made you come here dressed like this?" the butler demanded.

"I'm a suspicious duffer; maybe that's the reason."

"Do you know anything?"

"Well, no; I can't say that I do. But, hang it, I just had to come out here."

"Maybe it's just as well you did," said Jones moodily.

"I know this place. The housekeeper used to be my nurse, and if she is still on the job she may be of service to us. You don't think they'll question or recognize me?"

"Hardly. I'll put in a word for you. I'll say I sent for you, not knowing if we had enough servants to take care of the luncheon."

"And now I'll go and hunt up Meg."

Sure enough, his old nurse was still in charge of the house; and when her "baby" disclosed his identity she all but fell upon his neck.

"But what are you doing here, dressed up as a waiter?"

"It's a little secret, Meg. I wasn't invited, and the truth is I'm very desperately in love with the young lady in whose honor this coaching party is being given. And . . . maybe she's in danger."

"Danger? What about?"

"The Lord only knows. But show me about the house. I've not been here in so long I've forgotten the run of it. I remember one room with the secret panel and another with a painting that turned. Have they changed them?"

"No; it is just the same here as it used to be. Come along and I'll show you."

Norton inspected the rooms carefully, stowing away in his mind every detail. He might be worrying about nothing; but so many strange things had happened that it was better to be on the side of caution than on the side of carelessness. He left the house and ran across Jones carrying a basket of wine.

"Here, Norton: take this to the party. I want to reconnoiter."

"All right, m'lud! Say, Jones, how much do you think I'd earn at this job?" comically.

"Get along with you, Mr. Norton. It may be the time to laugh, and then it may not."

"I'm going back into the house and hide behind a secret panel. I've got my revolver. You go to the stables and take a try at my car; see if she works smoothly. We may have to do some hiking. Where is the countess in this?"

"Leave that to me, Mr. Norton," said the butler with his grim smile. "He off; they are moving back toward the house."

So Norton carried the basket around to the lawn, where it was taken from his hands by the regular servant. He sighed as he saw Florence, laughing and chatting with a man who was a stranger and whom he heard addressed as count. Some friend of the countess, no doubt. Where was all this tangle going to end? He wished he knew. And what a yarn he was going to write some day! It would be read like one of Gaboriau's tales. He turned away to wander idly about the grounds, when beyond a clump of cedars he saw three or four men conversing slowly. He got as near as possible, for when three or four men put their heads together and whisper animatedly, it usually means a poker game or something worse. He caught a phrase or two as it came down the wind, and then he knew that the vague suspicion that had brought him out here had been set in motion by fate. He heard "Florence" and "the old drawing room;" and that was enough.

He scurried about for Jones. It was pure luck that he had had old Meg show him through the house, otherwise he would have forgotten all about the secret panel in the wall and the painting. Jones shrugged resignedly. Were these men of the countess' party? Norton couldn't say.

Norton made his hiding place in safety; and by and by he could hear the guests moving about in the room. Then all sounds ceased for a while. A door closed sharply.

"No; here you must stay, young lady," said a man's voice.

"What do you mean, sir?" demanded the beloved voice.

"It means that no one will return to this room and that you will not be missed until it is too late."

The sound of voices stopped abruptly, and something like scuffling ensued. Later Norton heard the back of a chair strike the panel and someone sat heavily upon it. He waited perhaps five minutes; then he gently slid back the panel. Florence sat bound and gagged under his very eyes. It was but the work of a moment to liberate her.

"It is I, Jim. Do not speak or make the least noise. Follow me."

Greatly astonished, Florence obeyed; and the panel slipped back into place. The room behind the secret panel had barred windows. To Florence it appeared to be a real prison.

"How did you get here?" she asked breathlessly.

"Something told me to follow you. And something is always going to tell me to follow you, Florence."

She pressed his hand. It was to her as if one of those book heroes had stepped out of a book; only book heroes always had tremendous fortunes and did not have to work for a living. Oddly enough, she was not afraid.

"Who was the man?" he asked.

"The Count Norfeldt. Some one has imposed upon the countess."

"Do you think so?" with a strange look in his eyes.

"What do you mean?"

"Nothing just now. The idea is to get out of here just as quickly as we can. See this painting?" He touched a spot in the wall and the painting slowly swung out like a door. "Come; we make our escape to the side lawn from here."

At the stable they were confronted with the knowledge that Norton's car was out of commission; Jones could do nothing with it. Then Norton suggested that he make a effort to commandeer the limousine of the countess; but there were men about, so the limousine was out of the question.

"Horses!" whispered Jones. "There are several saddle horses, already saddled. How about these people, the owners?"

"Oh, they are beyond reproach. They have doubtless been imposed upon. But let us get aboard first. There will be time to talk later. I'll have to do some explaining, taking these nags off like this. We won't have to ride out in front where the picknickers are. There's a lane back of the stable, and a slight detour brings us back into the main road."

The three mounted and clattered away. To Florence it had the air of a prank. She was beginning to have such confidence in these two inventive men that she felt as if she was never going to be afraid any more.

When the Countess Olga saw the three horses it was an effort not to fly into a rage. But secretly she warned her people, who presently gave chase in the limousine, while she prattled and jested and laughed with her company, who were quite unaware

"Do Not Speak or Make the Least Noise."

that a drama was being enacted right under their very noses. The countess, while she acted superbly, tore her handkerchief into shreds. There was something sinister in the way all their plans fell through at the very moment of consummation; and that night she determined to ask Braine to withdraw from this warfare, which gradually decimated their numbers without getting anywhere toward the goal.

Jones shouted that the limousine was tearing down the road. Something must be done to stop it. He suggested that he drop behind, leave his horse, and take a chance at potting a tire from the shrubbery at the roadside.

"Keep going. Don't stop, Norton, till you are back in town. I'll manage to take good care of myself."

CHAPTER VII.

When all three finally met at the Hargreave home Florence suddenly took Jones by the shoulders and kissed him lightly on the cheek. Jones started back, pale and disturbed.

Norton laughed. He did not feel the slightest twinge of jealousy, but he was eaten up with envy, as the old wives say.

"You are wondering if I suspect the Princess Perigoff?" said Jones.

"I am." This man Jones was developing into a very remarkable character. The reporter found himself side glancing at the thin, keen face of this resourceful butler. The lobe of the man's left ear came within range. Norton reached for a cigarette, but his hands shook as he lit it. There was a peculiar little scar in the center of the lobe.

"Well," said Jones, "I can find no evidence that she has been concerned in any of these affairs."

"You are suspicious?"

"Of everybody," looking boldly into the reporter's eyes.

"Of me?" smiling.

"Even of myself sometimes."

Conversation dropped entirely after this declaration.

"You're a taciturn sort of chap."

"Am I?"

"You are. But an agreement is an agreement, and while I'd like to print this story, I'll not. We newspaper men seldom break our word."

Jones held out his hand.

"Sometimes I wish I'd started life right," said the reporter gloomily. "A newspaper man is generally improvident. He never looks ahead for tomorrow. What with my special articles to the magazines, I earn between four and five thousand the year; and I've never been able to save a cent."

"Perhaps you've never really tried," replied Jones, with a glance at his companion. It was a good face, strong in outline; a little careworn, perhaps but free from any indications of dissipation. "If I had begun life as you did, I'd have made real and solid use of the great men I met. I'd have made financiers help me to invest my earnings, or savings, little as they might be. And today I'd be living on the income."

"You never can tell. Perhaps a woman might have made you think of those things; but if you had remained unattached up to thirty-one, as I have, the thought of saving might never have entered your head. A man in my present condition, financially, has no right to think of matrimony."

"It might be the saving of you if you met and married the right woman."

"But the right woman might be heiress to millions. And a poor devil like me could not marry a girl with money and hang on to his self-respect."

"True. But there are always exceptions to all rules in life, except those regarding health. A healthy man is a normal man, and a normal man has no right to remain single. You proved yourself a man this afternoon, considering that you did not know I occupied the wheel seat. Come to think it over, you really saved the day. You gave me the opportunity of steering straight for the police station. Well, good-by."

The Daughter of Hargreave Rode Horseback Every Morning.

"Queer duck!" mused the reporter as, after telephoning, he headed for his office. Queer duck, indeed! What a game it was going to be! And this man Jones was playing it like a master. It did not matter that some one else laid down the rules; it was the way in which they were interpreted.

Braine heard of the failure. The Black Hundred was finding its stock far below par value. Four valuable men locked up in the Tombs awaiting trial, to say nothing of the seven gunmen gathered in at the old warehouse. Braine began to suspect that his failures were less due to chance than to calculation, that at last he had encountered a mind which anticipated his every move. He would have recognized this fact earlier had it not been that revenge had temporarily blinded him. The spirit of revenge ever makes for mental clarity.

There was a meeting that night of the Black Hundred. Four men were told off, and they drew their chairs up to Vroon's table for instructions. Braine sat at Vroon's elbow. These four men composed the most dangerous quartet in New York city. They were as daring as they were desperate. They were the men who held up bank messengers and got away with thousands. They had learned to swoop down upon their victims as the hawk swoops down upon the brood. The newspapers referred to them as the "auto bandits," and the men took a deal of pride in the fame they had created.

Vroon, [illegible]

[illegible] the organization stood [illegible] peril; and he one problem [illegible] salvation lay in the [illegible] Vroon, and the [illegible] and what each man [illegible] plans, the machination of [illegible] fation might become public [illegible] and that would mean an end [illegible] exceedingly profitable business.

The daughter of [illegible] horseback early every morning [illegible] sought the country road. She was invariably attended by the [illegible] ter of a school near by.

"You four will make your [illegible] plans."

"If she should be injured?"

"Avoid it if possible."

"We have a free hand?"

"Absolutely."

"We risk a bad fall from her horse if it's a spirited one."

"Pretend a breakdown in the road," interpolated Braine. "As they approach, draw and order them to dismount. That method will prevent any accident."

"We'll plan it somehow. It looks easy."

"Nothing is easy where that girl is concerned. A thousand eyes seem to be watching her slightest move."

"We shan't leave anything to chance. How many days will you give us?"

"Seven. A failure, mind you, will prove unhealthy to all concerned," with a meaness which made the four stir uneasily.

The telephone rang. Braine reached for the receiver.

"A man just entered the Hargreave house at the rear. Come at once," was the message.

"Is your car outside?" Braine asked.

"We are never without it."

"Then let us be off. No one will stop us for speeding on a side street."

Fourteen minutes by the clock brought the car to a stand at the curb a few houses below the Hargreave home. The men got out. The watcher ran up.

"He is still inside," he whispered.

"Good! Spread out. If anyone leaves that house, catch him. If he runs too fast, shoot. We can beat the police."

The man obeyed, and the watcher ran back to his post. He was desperately hoping the affair would come minute tonight. He was growing weary of this eternal vigilance; and it was only his fear of the men he knew as the boss that kept him at his post. He wanted a night to carouse in, to be with the boys.

The man for whom they were lying in wait was seen presently to creep cautiously round the side of the house. He hugged a corner and paused. They could see the dim outline of his body. The light in the street back of the grounds almost made a silhouette of him. By and by, as if satisfied that the coast was clear, he stole down to the street.

"Halt!"

Instantly the prowler took to his heels. Two shots rang out. The man was seen to stop, stagger, and then go on desperately.

"He's hit!"

By the time the men reached the corner they heard the rumble of a motor. One dashed back to the car they had left standing at the curb. He made quick work of the job, but he was not quick enough. Still, they gave chase. They saw the car turn toward the city. But, unfortunately for the success of the chase, several automobiles passed, going into town and hiding it. Checkmate.

Braine was been enough tonight.

"He is hit; whether badly or not remains to be seen. We can find out. Drive to the nearest drug store and get a list of hospitals. It's a cinch to one shot that we land him somewhere among the hospitals."

But they searched the hospitals in vain. None of them had that night received a shooting case, nor had they heard one reported. The man had been unmistakably hit. He would not have dared risk the loss of blood, not a bit of play-acting. Braine had his hand and sought his bed. To call up doctors would be folly; for it would take a week, with thorough counting. This was the first time the man had got [illegible]

"Perhaps I'm to blame," confessed Braine. "I should have [illegible] to stalk him and put him [illegible] chance. There's a [illegible] lying somewhere back of [illegible] time I woke up to the [illegible] turning to the auto [illegible] have you [illegible] that, you have [illegible] flee that you [illegible] Lord Harry! I'm [illegible] like pigeons."

"We haven't had a [illegible] up one of the men [illegible] then his companions [illegible]

(Continued on Page [illegible])

Find your home [illegible] this book. [illegible]

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THE MILLION DOLLAR MYSTERY

Continued from Page Five.

"You are not holding up a bank messenger this trip. Remember that. Drive me as far as Columbus circle. Leave me on the side street, between the lights, so I can take off this mask."

Later Braine sauntered into Pabst and ordered a light supper. This night's work, more than anything else, brought home to him the fact that his luck was changing. For years he had proceeded with his shady occupations without encountering any memorable failure. He moved in the high world, quite unsuspected. He had written books, given lectures, been made a lion of, all the while laughing in his sleeve at the gullibility of human nature. But within the last two weeks he had received serious checks. From now on he must move with the utmost caution. Some one was playing his own game, waging warfare unseen. A battle of wits? So be it; but Braine intended to play with rough wits, and he wasn't going to care which way the sword cut.

He hated Stanley Hargreave with all the hatred of his soul, the hatred of a man balked in love. And the man was alive, defying him: alive somewhere in this city this very night, with a bullet under his skin.

"Is everything satisfactory, sir?" he heard the head waiter say.

"Satisfactory?" Braine repeated blankly.

"Yes, sir. You struck the table as though displeased."

"O!" Then Braine laughed relievedly. "If I struck the table, it was done unconsciously. I was thinking."

"Beg pardon, sir! Anything else, sir?"

"No. Bring me the check."

* * * * * * * *

"Your master gives riding lessons?"

The groom who had led the horse back from Hargreave's eyed his questioner rather superciliously.

"Yes." The groom fondled the animal's legs.

"How much is it?"

"Twenty dollars for a ticket of five rides. The master is the fashion up here. He doesn't cater to any but the best families."

"Pretty steep. Who was that young lady riding this morning with your master?"

"That's the girl all the newspapers have been talking about," answered the groom importantly.

"Actress?"

"Actress! I should say not. That young woman is the daughter of Stanley Hargreave, the millionaire who was lost at sea. And it won't be long before she puts her finger in a pie of four or five millions. If you want any rides, you'll have to talk it over with the boss. He may or may not take any more rides. You'd probably have to ride in the afternoon, anyhow, as every nag is out in the morning."

"Where's the most popular road?"

"Toward the park; but Miss Hargreave always goes along the riverside road. She doesn't like strangers about."

"O, I see. Well, I'll drop in this afternoon and see your master. They say that riding is good for a torpid liver. Have a cigar?"

"Thanks."

The groom proceeded into the stables and the affable stranger took himself off.

A free rein; they could work it to suit themselves. There wasn't the least obstacle in the way. On the face of it, it appeared to be the simplest job they had yet undertaken. To get rid of the riding master in some natural way after he and the girl had started. It was like falling off a log.

"Susan," said Florence as she came into breakfast after her exhilarating ride, "did you hear pistol shots last night?"

"I heard some noise, but I was so sleepy I didn't try to figure out what it was."

"Did you, Jones?"

"Yes, Miss Florence. The shots came from the street. A policeman came running up later and said he saw two automobiles on the run. But evidently there wasn't anybody hurt. One has to be careful at night nowadays. There are pretty bad men abroad. Did you enjoy the ride?"

"Very much. But there were spots of blood on the walk near the corner."

"Blood?" Jones caught the back of a chair to steady himself.

"Yes. So some one was hurt. Oh, let's leave this place!" impulsively. "Let us go back to Miss Farlow's. We could find a place in the village, Susan. But if I stay here much longer in this state of unrest I shall lose faith in everything and everybody. Whoever my father's enemies are, they do not lack persistence. They have made two attempts against my liberty, and sooner or later they will succeed. I keep looking over my shoulder all the time. If I hear a noise I jump."

"Miss Florence, if I thought it wise, you should be packed off to Miss Farlow's this minute. But not an hour of the day or night passes without this house being watched. I seldom see them, but I feel them. I can only assure the safety of a woman. At Miss Farlow's I could not ac-company you. I am to desert this house."

"My father's orders?"

Jones signified neither one way nor the other. He merely gazed stolidly at the rug.

"That blood!" She sprang from her chair, horrified. "It was his! He was here last night, and they shot him! O!"

"There, there, Miss Florence! The man was only slightly wounded. He is where they never will look for him." Then Jones continued, as with an effort: "Trust me, Miss Florence. It would not pay to run away. The whole affair would be repeated elsewhere. We might go to the other end of the world, but it would not serve us in the least. It is not a question of escape, but of who shall vanquish the other. There is nothing to do but remain here and fight, fight, fight. We have put four of them in the Tombs, to say nothing of the gunmen. That is what we must do—put them in a safe place, one by one, till we reach the master. Then only may we breathe in safety. But if they watch so do we. There is never a moment when help is not within reach no matter where you go. So long as you do not deceive me, no real harm shall befall you. Don't cry. Be your father's daughter, as I am his servant."

"I am very unhappy!" And Florence threw her arms around Susan and laid her head upon her friend's shoulder.

"Poor child!" Susan, however, recognized the wisdom of Jones' statements. They were safest here.

The morning rides continued. To the girl, who loved the open, it was glorious fun. Those mad gallops along the roads, the smell of earth and sea, the tingle in the blood, were the second best moments of her day. The first? She invariably blushed when she considered what these first best moments were. He was a brave young

"Better Be Sensible," He Said.

man, good to look at, witty, and always cheerful. Why shouldn't she like him? Even Jones liked him—Jones, who didn't seem to like anybody. It did not matter whether he was wise or not; a worldly point of view was farthest from her youthful thoughts. It was her own affair, her own heart.

Five days later, as she and the riding master were cantering along the road, enjoying every bit of it, they heard the beat of hoofs behind. They drew up and turned. A rider was approaching them at a run. It was the head groom. The man stopped his horse in a cloud of dust.

"Sir, the stables are on fire!"

"Fire?"

All the riding master's savings were invested in the stables. The fact that he had solemnly promised never to leave Florence alone, and that he had accepted a generous bonus slipped from his mind at the thought of fire, a terrible word to any horseman. He wheeled and started off at breakneck speed, his head groom clattering behind him.

Florence naturally wondered which of two courses to pursue: follow them, when she would be perfectly helpless to aid them, or continue the ride and save at least one horse from the terror of seeing flames. She chose the latter. But she did not ride with the earlier zest. She felt depressed. She loved horses, and the thought of them dying in those wooden stables was terrifying.

The fire, however, proved to be incipient. But it was plainly incendiary. Some one had set fire to it with a purpose in view. Norton recognized this fact almost as soon as the firemen. He had come this morning with the idea of surprising Florence. He was going out on horseback to join her.

His spine grew suddenly cold. A trap! She had been left alone on the road! He ran over to the garage, secured a car, and went humming out toward the river road. A trap, and only by the sheerest luck had he turned up in time.

Meantime Florence was walking her mount slowly. For once the scenery passed unobserved. She was deeply engrossed with thoughts, some of which were happy and some of which were sad. If only her father could be with her she would be the happiest girl alive.

She was brought out of her revery by the sight of a man staggering along the road ahead of her. Finally he plunged upon his face in the road. Like the tender hearted girl she was, she stopped, dismounted, and ran to the fallen man to give him aid. She suddenly found her wrists clasped in two hands like iron. The man rose to his feet, smiling evilly. She struggled wildly but futilely.

"Better be sensible," he said. "I am stronger than you are. And I don't wish to hurt you. Walk on ahead of me. It will be utterly useless to scream or cry out. You can see for yourself that we are in a deserted part of the road. If you will promise to act sensibly I shan't lay a hand on you. Do you see that hut yonder, near the fork in the road? We'll stop there. Now, march!"

She dropped her handkerchief, later her bracelet and finally her crop, in hope that these slight clues might bring her help. She knew that Jones would hear of the fire, and, finding that she had not returned with the riding master, would immediately start out in pursuit. She was beginning to grow very fond of Jones, who never spoke unless spoken to, who was always at hand, faithful and loyal.

From afar came the low rumble of a motor. She wondered if her captor heard it. He did, but his ears tricked him into believing that it came from another direction. Eventually they arrived at the hut, and Florence was forced to enter. The man locked the door and waited outside for the automobile which he was expecting. He was rather dumfounded when he saw that it was coming from the city, not going toward it.

It was Norton. The riderless horse told him enough, the handkerchief and bracelet and crop led him straight for the hut.

The man before the hut realized by this time that he had made a mistake. He attempted to re-enter the hut and prepare to defend it till his companions hove in sight. But Florence, recognizing Norton, held the door with all her strength. The man snarled and turned upon Norton, only to receive a smashing blow on the jaw.

Norton flung open the door. "Into the car, Florence! There's another car coming up the road. Hurry!"

It was not a long chase. The car of the auto bandits, looking like an ordinary taxicab, was a high-power machine, and it gained swiftly on Norton's four-cylinder. The reporter waited grimly.

"Keep your head down!" he warned Florence. "I'm going to take a pot at their tires when they get within range. If I miss I'm afraid we'll have trouble. Under no circumstances attempt to leave this car. Here they come!"

He suddenly leaned back and fired. It was only chance. The manner in which the cars were lurching made a poor target for a marksman even of the first order. Chance directed Norton's first bullet into the right forward tire, which exploded. Going at sixty odd miles an hour, they could not stop the car in time to avoid fatality. The car careened wildly and plunged down the embankment into the river.

Florence covered her eyes with her hands, and, quite unconscious of what he was doing, Norton put his arms around her.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

"Peruna Cured Me

I am glad to tell it."

MR. ROBERT FOWLER, Of Okarche, Oklahoma.

Mr Robert Fowler, Okarche, Oklahoma, writes:

"To any sufferer of catarrh of the stomach I am glad to tell my friends or sufferers of catarrh that seventeen years ago I was just work of an kind due to stomach troubles. I tried almost every known remedy without any results.

"Finally I tried Peruna, and am happy to say I was benefited by the first bottle, and after using a full treatment I was entirely cured.

"I am now seventy years old and am in good health, due to always having Peruna at my command. I would not think of going away from home for any length of time without taking a bottle of Peruna along for emergency.

"You are at liberty to use my picture and testimony if you think it will help any one who has stomach trouble."

"Aunt Patsy."

Laying Mash and Scratch Feed. B. W. Clendinen, 125 North St. Andrews Street. 129

PRAYERS FOR PEACE

Suggested for October 4, 1914

By the

FEDERAL COUNCIL OF THE CHURCHES OF CHRIST IN AMERICA

"O Lord, since first the blood of Abel cried to thee from the ground that drank it, this earth of thine has been defiled with the blood of man shed by his brother's hand, and the centuries sob with the ceaseless horror of war. Ever the pride of kings and the covetousness of the strong has driven peaceful nations to slaughter. Ever the songs of the past and the pomp of armies have been used to inflame the passions of the people. Our spirit cries out to thee in revolt against it, and we know that our righteous anger is answered by the holy wrath.

Break thou the spell of the enchantments that make the nations drunk with the lust of battle and draw them on as willing tools of death. Grant us a quiet and steadfast mind when our own nation clamors for vengeance or aggression. Strengthen our sense of justice and our regard for the equal worth of other peoples and races. Grant to the rulers of nations faith in the possibility of peace through justice and grant to the common people a new and stern enthusiasm for the cause of peace. Bless our soldiers and sailors for their swift obedience and their willingness to answer to the call of duty, but inspire them none the less with a hatred of war, and may they never for love of private glory or advancement provoke its coming. May our young men still rejoice to die for their country with the valor of their fathers, but teach our age nobler methods of matching our strength and more effective ways of giving our life for the flag.

O thou strong Father of all nations, draw all thy great family together with an increasing sense of common blood and destiny, that peace may come on earth at last, and thy sun may shed its light rejoicing on a holy brotherhood of peoples."

—By Walter Rauschenbusch, in Prayers of the Social Awakening.

CHURCHES

LAFAYETTE ST. METHODIST.

Sunday School at 9 40, W. R. Chapman, Superintendent. Special exercises will be held in honor of Promotion Day. The program will be rendered principally by the members of the graded classes who will be promoted. All are invited to attend.

Regular preaching services at 11 o'clock in the morning and at 7 30 in the evening, C. B. Pilley, pastor. Note the change in the hour.

EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

Rev. L. G. H. Williams, Rector.

Sunday School at 9 45. No other service on account of absence of the rector.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

Services for Sept. 27, 1914.

There will be a congregational meeting at the close of the morning service at which the pastor will request the congregation to join in a request to Presbytery to dissolve his Pastoral relations with the Dothan church.

Sunday School at 9 30.

Preaching at 11. Subject "The Divine Lamp."

Preaching at 7 30. Subject "The Lame Man Healed."

C. H. Talbot, Pastor.

BAPTIST W. M. S.

The Woman's Missionary Society of the First Baptist Church will meet Monday afternoon at 2 30.

Mrs. M. A. Williams, Sec.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

Services Sunday at 8 o'clock a. m. Subject: Reality. Golden Text: Psalms, 119-127. "I love thy commandments above gold, yea, above fine gold."

Wednesday, services 7 45 p. m.

Christian Science services held in room No. 2, opposite Telephone Exchange.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.

F. H. JENNINGS, PASTOR.

We had 365 in Sunday School last Sunday. Help us go to 400 tomorrow.

The pastor will preach at 11 00. Subject: "The sin of murmering."

The Baptist Young Peoples Union meets at 6 15 instead of 5 00 as heretofore. This is the time to reorganize by electing officers. Hence important.

The evening service will be conducted by the pastor, beginning promptly at 7 30.

Teachers and officers meet Monday afternoon from 4 to 5.

Midweek service Wednesday evening at 7 30.

Strangers and visitors in the city are given a cordial welcome to all the services of this church.

It's a safe bet that no shop holds better steaks than ours! We don't hold them long! All wagers are quickly settled and the steaks promptly delivered to the pleased winners! You can bet on our steaks every time.

CENTRAL MARKET

PHONE 244.

METAL SHINGLES
Are Stormproof

They interlock and overlap in such a way that the hardest driving rain or sifting snow cannot possibly get under them.

Besides this—they last indefinitely, and never need repairs.

Another point—They're very reasonable in first cost. You can learn all about them from

Malone Hardware Co.

N. Foster St. Dothan, Ala.

COAL COAL COAL
SUMMER PRICES

Empire Fancy Lump, ... $5.90 ton
Empire Medium Lump, ... $5.60 ton
Empire Small Coal, ... $5.40 ton

[Deliveries made at the above prices until October 1st. Special prices on large orders. We can furnish the right kind for furnace purposes.

Phone 102

L. H. Moore Ice Co.

First National Bank of Dothan

We appreciate your business and ask that you open an account with us.

D. C. Carmichael, President; E. R. Malone, V-President.
G. H. Malone, Cashier; Robert Boyd, Asst. Cashier.
Under control of the United States Government.

Propriety and Convention

Demand clothes, and too, we all have a personal pride in the manner, i. e. style, fit and workmanship in which they are made. Your clothes wants can all be satisfied here. We make them in Dothan.

CLEM EZELL
TAILOR

TRY
The Dothan Market
UP IN DIXIE
QUALITY QUANTITY PROMPTNESS
Once a Customer, Always a Customer.
Telephone 484

Coal! Coal! Coal!
ALL GRADES
We guarantee Prices and Quality.
See Us Before Buying and Save Money
Cotton Coal Co.
21 PHONES 581

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE® NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

WHY ADVERTISE NOW?

We are asked to advise if, under present conditions, advertising should be curtailed.

But each line has its own unique "present conditions." Such a question involves several forms of advice.

These are boom times in some lines. Many factories are overwhelmed with orders. Some face a demand far beyond their capacity.

Some cater largely to farmers, and farmers in general seem this year to be getting rather more than their share of prosperity. The farmer with full pockets finds nothing too good for him. He's a magnficient spender.

Those fortunate advertisers who are oversold can very wisely cut down on their advertising. There is no virtue in selling more than one can deliver.

There are other lines imported, or requiring imported materials, on which there is stoppage of supplies.

There are lines which for these, or other transient reasons, sell now at abnormal prices. These are lines sold at fixed prices, on which advancing costs have decimated profits for a time. On all such lines one might advise curtailment in all forms of salesmanship.

But "present conditions" in general mean a degree of depression, a shade of uncertainty. And the query is, if in such situations advertising should be curtailed or stopped.

By all means, no. Should a runner stop for a rising grade, or a swimmer for an adverse tide? If they did, where might there rivals in the race be when they started up?

Adverising ought to be the cheapest salesmanskip, Also the most efficient. If it is that, then it is the last force to reduce. If it isn't then it needs, in good or bad times, rehabilitation.

In national advertising our most prosperous times come duriug business depression. Then is when men who are on the right lines fight hardest. Then is when waste is elaminated, and the cheapest and best methods are used to the limit. And the is when the weak and inefficient abandon the field to the stronger.

There may be less business to get in dull times, but there are also less men who use the best ways to get it. Some of the greatest harvests ever gathered in advertising have been gathered in times of depression.

We find that good advertising is rarely stopped by misfortune. It is ten times as often stopped by over-demand.

The chief clients of this house are today pressing advertising harder than ever before.

But is this in reality any time to feel blue? Doesn't it look as though we might be on the verge of unprecendented business prosperity?

Home prospects look better than usual. Big crops at high prices bring smiles to the faces of nearly one-half of our people. The railroads got a little encouragement. Our new banking system will ward off some dangers.

Then what new boons may come to us—like gifts from the dead—as the result of this pitiful war? Reason tells us they must come if we reach out to get them. Life still flows on amid that devastation. People must be clothed and fed. And the markets abandoned by the nations which held them should be supplied by us.

When millions desert the art of peace, those who abide, well-equipped and ready, surely ought to prosper.

As for war news affectin the value of ads it certainly doesn't detract from them. It is giving to advertisers increased circulation, with no advance in cost.

The argument that it makes newspapers too interesting is a new one in advertising. The most interesticg magazines have always been the best patronized. Why should we seek for dull newspapers?

In any event, the average woman is not a great reader of news, Her favorate pages in the newspaper remain about as ever. She is the household buyer. And the majority of advertising—even on men's things—depends on its appeal

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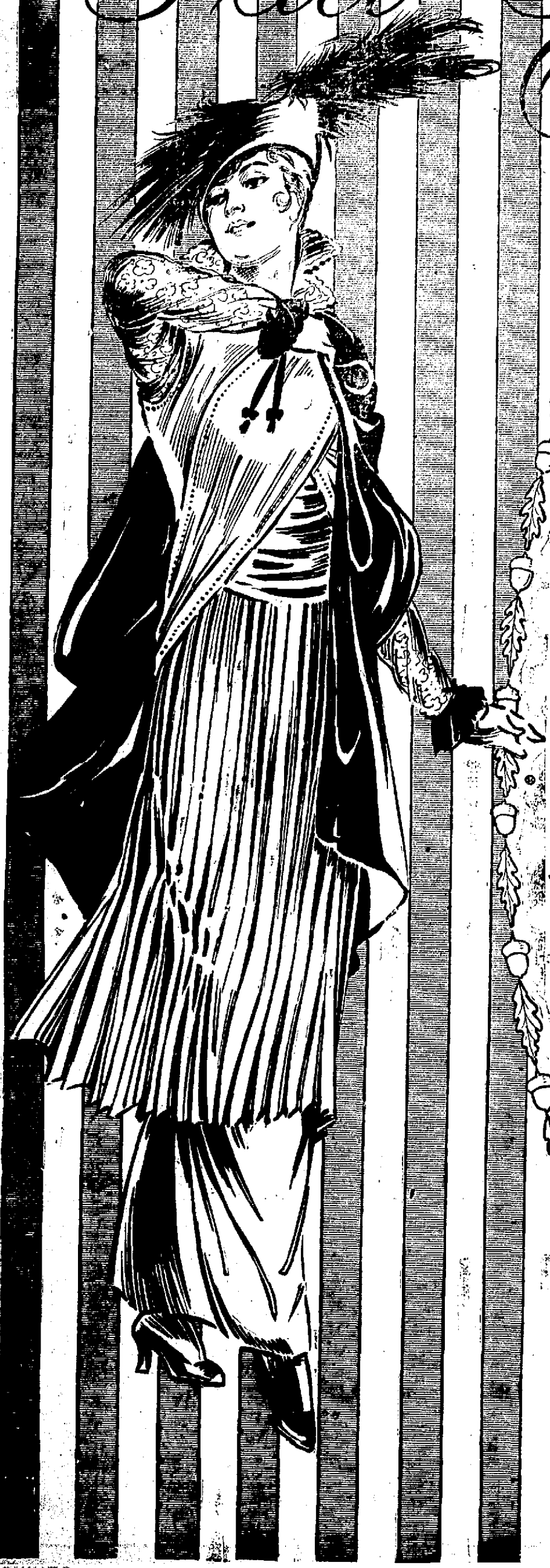
No, these are not times to cease advertising, say under rare conditions. The harder the fight the more one needs his best weapons. The more quitters there are the more there is for the rest of us. And we who keep ready and active and fit—who keep in the thick of things, dull times and good—wil hold immeasureable advantage when the tide comes in.

LORD and THOMAS,
S. E. *Corner Walash and Madison, Chicago.*
CLAUDE C. HOPKINS,
Vice-President

From The Chicago Sunday Tribune, August 30, 1914

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE® NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

Fall Fashion Opening



Dothan's

Best Store

ANNOUNCES

Fall and Winter

1914-1915

Millinery Opening

Tuesday, September 29th.

We Cordially Invite You.

Hats, Dresses, Suits and Coats will be shown on living models.

Refreshments *Music*

Foy-Williams Co.

A House of Fashions

In The Heart of Dothan.

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by
J.F.M

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